He is within with twoo reuerend Fathers,
Diuinely bent to meditation,
And in no worldly ſute would he be mou'd,
To draw him from his holy exerciſe.
Buc. Returne good *Catesby* to thy Lord againe,
Tell him my ſelfe, the Maior and Citizens,
In deepe deſignes and matters of great moment,
No leſſe importing them then our generall good,
Are come to haue ſome conference with his grace.
Cat. Ile him what you ſay my Lord. *Exit.*
Buc. Aha my Lord, this prince is not an *Edward*:
He is not lulling on a leawd day bed,
But on his knees at meditation:
Not dallying with a brace of Curtizans,
But meditating with two deepe Diuines:
Not ſleeping to ingroſſe his idle body,
But praying to inrich his watchfull ſoule,
Happy were England, would this graciour prince
Take on him ſelfe the ſoueraignty thereon,
But ſure I feare we ſhall neuer winne him to it.
Mai. Marry God forbid his grace ſhould ſay vs nay.
Enter Catesby.
Buc. I feare he will, how now *Catesby*,
What ſayes your Lord?
Cat. My Lord he wonders to what end you haue aſſembled
Such troupes of Citizens to ſpeake with him,
His grace not being warn'd thereof before:
My Lord, he feares you meane no good to him.
Buc. Sory I am my noble couſen ſhould
Suſpect me that I meane no good to him.
By heauen I come in perfect loue to him,
And ſo once more returne and tell his grace: *Exit. Cat.*
When holy and deuout religious men,
Are at their beads, tis hard to draw them hence,
So ſweet is zealous contemplation.
Enter Rich. and two Biſhops aloft.
Maior. See where he ſtands betweene two Clergimen.
Buc. Two props of vertue for a Chriſtian Prince:
To ſtay him from the fall of vanitie,

Famous *Plantagenet*, moſt gracious pr
Lend fauourable eares to my requeſt
And pardon vs the interruption
Of thy deuotion and right Chriſtian
Glo. My Lord, there needs no ſuch
I rather do beſeech you pardon me,
Who earneſt in the ſeruice of my Goo
Neglect the viſitation of my friends:
But leauing this, what is your Graes p
Buc. Euen that I hope which pleaſ
And all good men of this vngouernd
Glo. I do ſuſpect, I haue done ſome
That ſeeme diſgracious in the Cities
And that you come to reprehend my
Buc. You haue my Lord: would it
At our entreaties to amend that fau
Glo. Elſe wherefore breath I in a C
Buc. Then know it is your fault tha
The ſupreame Seate, the Throne ma
The Sceptred office of your Anceſto
The lineall glory of your royall Hou
To the corruption of a blemiſht ſtoc
Whileſt in the mildeneſſe of your ſle
Which here we waken to our Coun
This noble Ile doth want his proper
Her face defac't with ſcars of infamie
And almoſt ſhouldred in this ſwallow
Of blind forgetfulneſſe and darke ob
Which to recouer we hartily ſolicite
Your Gracious ſelfe to take on you t
Not as Protector, Sweteard, Subſtitu
Nor lowly Factor for an others gain
But as ſucceſſiuely from blood to blo
Your right of birth, your Emperie,
For this conſorted with the Cittizen
Your worſhipfull and very louing fri
And by their vehement inſtigation,
In this iuſt ſute come I to moue you
Glo. I know not whither to depar

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22319) LONDON, 1622 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.50)